

Sketch

Volume 5, Number 1

1938

Article 15

The Wind

Arnold Skromme*

*Iowa State College

Copyright ©1938 by the authors. *Sketch* is produced by The Berkeley Electronic Press (bepress).
<http://lib.dr.iastate.edu/sketch>

"Jean, do you know what you are saying?" The old man's voice was quieter now. It had a note in it which Jean didn't like—a note of defeat. It wasn't the Betannier voice. "Do you realize the price we have paid for our colony? The trust which Icaria has put in you? The hopes your mother had for you? The hopes I had for you? Are you going to sell the colony so cheap, then?"

THE old man rubbed a calloused palm hard across his mouth and then held it there, cupping the lower part of his face while he looked at the tender green fennel around the foot of the sawhorse.

Jean wished his father could see Audra, once. He might change his mind. But no, he guessed not. Not now.

"I am sorry, Father, that things are like this."

The old man stood up, replaced his pipe in his pocket, and looked down into the valley where the oxen lumbered back and forth on the black ribbons of new-turned earth, and the gray terns swooped for worms. He looked a little more stooped, a little grayer. Jean wanted to rush to him, take his calloused old hand and say, "Please do not feel bitter, Father. Can't you see it is inevitable? I do not wish to hurt you."

But that was not the way a Betannier did it.

Jules turned and walked slowly down the steep path toward his waiting team. The laughter and song of the workers came up from the hillside, rising and falling on the morning breeze, and the oxen lumbered back and forth across the valley floor.



The Wind

Arnold Skromme

Engr. '41

THE wind is ill at ease today—

It whips round corners and moans aloud,
Scattering leaves and bits of cloud
In a nervous, flighty, and human way.